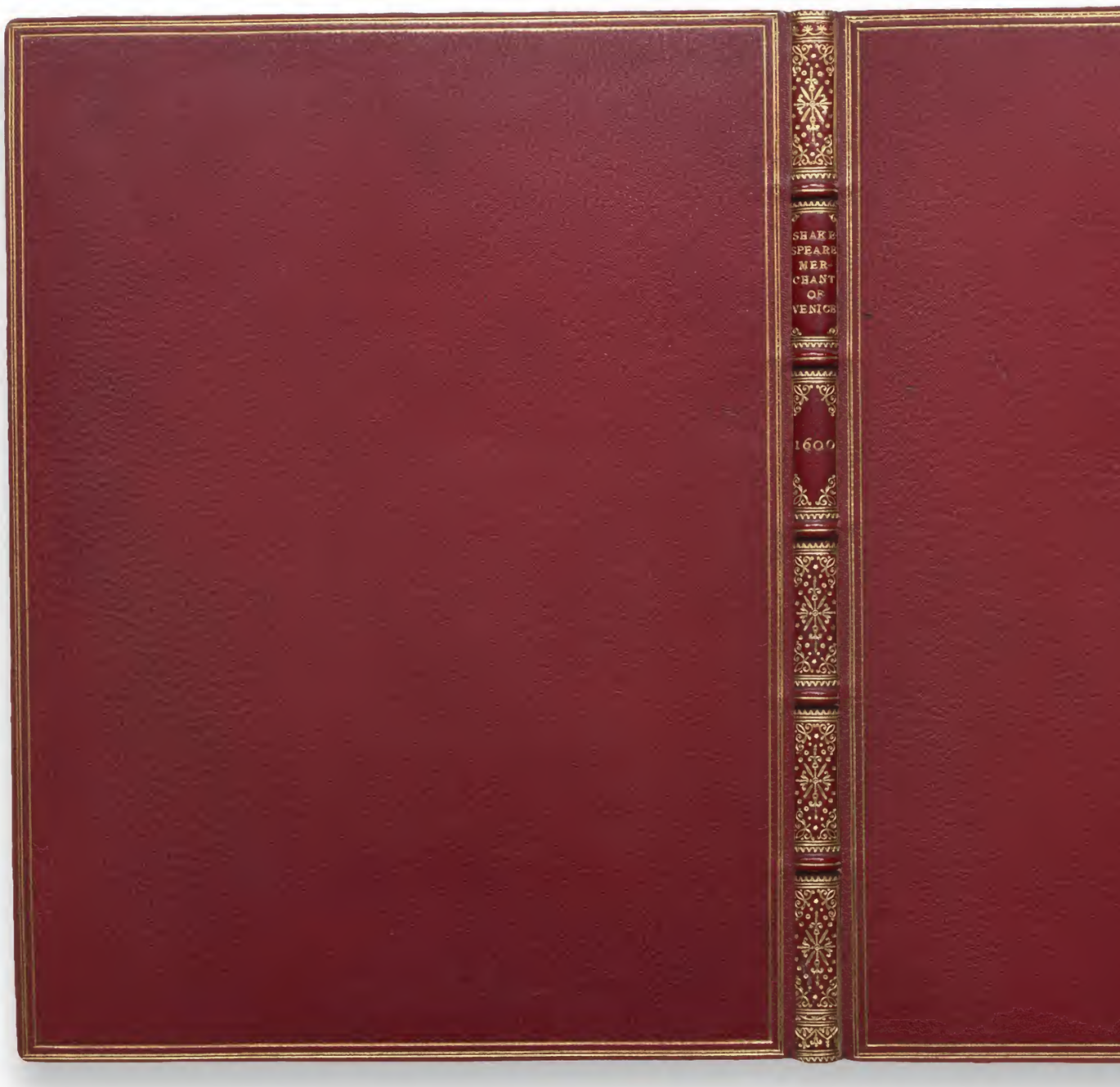
SHAKE
SPEARE
MER-
CHANT
OF
VENICE
1600

BOUND BY RIVIERE

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Permanent Library.

46 V

This copy has a few leaves of text in facsimile. I gave Mr Lacy £20 for an unbound copy wanting several leaves, I think the present copy, but I am not sure.

As a rule, I do not retain + the original when I have a satisfactory lithographic F.S., but an exception is made in this instance on account of the water-marks.

+ This was a rule I was commencing to make, but did not keep long in that mind.

BOUND

THE EXCELLENT Hiſtory of the Mer-chant of Venice.

With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocke* the Iew towards the ſaide Merchant, in cut-ting a iuſt pound of his fleſh. And the obtaining of *Portia*, by the choyſe of three Caskets.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

BIBL. UNIV. EDINBURGENSIS EX

Printed by *I. Roberts*, 1600.

The Comical Hiſtory of the *Merchant of Venice.*

Enter Anthonio, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Anthonio. Inſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me, you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuffe tis made off, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: & ſuch a want-wit ſadnes makes of me,
That I haue much adoe to know my ſelfe.

Salarino. Your minde is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portly ſayle,
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the ſea,
Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers
That curſie to them, do them reuerence
As they flie by them with their wouen wings.

Salanio. Beleeue me ſir, had I ſuch venture foorth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe, to know where ſits the winde,
Piering in Maps, for Ports, for Peeres and Rodes;
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Salar. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great at ſea, might do.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy howre-glaſſe runne,
But I ſhould thinke of ſhallowes, and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* dockes in ſand,
Veyling her high top lower then her ribs,
To kiſſe her buriall. Should I go to Church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rockes,
Which touching but my gentle veſſels ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilkes;
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought,
That ſuch a thing be-chanc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no: I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeare:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Salar. Then y'are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Salar. Not in loue neither? Then let vs ſay you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eies,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'l not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though Neſtor ſweare the ieſt be laughable.

Enter

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenſo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes *Baſſanio* your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano and *Lorenſo*: Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Salar. I would haue ſtaide till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne buſineſſe cals on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow my good Lords.

Baſſ. Good ſignors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange: muſt it be ſo?

Salar. Wee'l make our leyſures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you haue found *Anthonio*,
we two will leaue you; but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we muſt meete.

Baſſ. I will not faile you. *Exit.*

Grat. You looke not well ſignior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much reſpect vpon the world:
They looſe it that do buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailouſly chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where euery one muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.

Gra. Let me play the foole,
with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why ſhould a man whoſe blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandſire cut in Alablaſter?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Iaundies.
By being peeuiſh? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that ſpeakes.
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages

Doe dreame and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilfull ſtilneſſe entertaine,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſedome, grauity, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am ſir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of thoſe
That therefore onely are reputed wiſe
For ſaying nothing; when I am very ſure
If they ſhould ſpeake, would almoſt dam thoſe eares,
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fiſh not with this melancholy baite,
For this fooſe gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, farwell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me ſpeake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.

An. Farwell, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks ifaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dried, and a maide not vendable.

Exeunt.

An. It is that any thing now.

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all *Venice*, his reaſons are as two graines of wheate hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhall ſeeke all day ere you finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Ant. Well, tell me now what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to day promiſd to tell me of.

Baſſ. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*,
How much I haue diſabled mine eſtate,

By

By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling port,
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moane to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warranty
To vnburthen all my plots and purpoſes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Antho. I pray you good *Baſſanio*, let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſured
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt meanes
Lie all vnlockt to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchoole dayes, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfe-ſame flight
The ſelfe-ſame way, with more aduiſed watch
To finde the other foorth, and by aduentring both,
I oft found both: I vrge this child-hood proofe,
Becauſe what followes, is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is loſt, but if you pleaſe
To ſhoote another arrow that ſelfe way
Which you did ſhoote the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully reſt debter for the firſt.

Ant. You know me well, and heerein ſpend but time
To winde about my loue with circumſtance,
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my vttermoſt,
Then if you had made waſte of all I haue:
Then do but ſay to me, what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And

And I am preſt vnto it, therefore ſpeake.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receiue faire ſpeechleſſe meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*; nothing vnder-valew'd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coaſt
Renowned ſutors, and her ſunny lockes
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
which makes her ſeat of *Belmont*, *Colchos* ſtrond,
And many *Iaſons* comes in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity,
To raiſe a preſent ſumme. Therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do,
That ſhall be rackt euen to the vttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Go preſently enquire, and ſo will I
where money is, and I no queſtion make,
To haue it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt*

Enter Portia with her waiting Woman Nerriſſa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerriſſa*, my little body is a wearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfet with too much, as they that ſtarue with nothing; it is no meane happineſſe therefore to be ſeated in the meane, ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white haires, but competency liues longer.

Por.

Portia. Good ſentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do, were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages, Princes Pallaces; it is a good diuine that followes his owne inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to bee done, then to be one of the twenty to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuiſe lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, ſuch a hare is madneſſe the youth, to skip ore the meſhes of good counſell the cripple; but this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe me a husband; O me, the word chooſe, I may neyther chooſe who I would, nor refuſe who I diſlike, ſo is the will of a liuing daughter curbd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard *Neriſſa*, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inſpirations, therefore the lottry that he hath deuiſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſiluer, and leade, whereof who chooſes his meaning chooſes you, no doubt you wil neuer be choſen by any rightly, but one who ſhall rightly loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe Princely ſuters that are already come?

Por. I prethee ouer-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription, leuell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, there is the Neapolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeed, for hee doth nothing but talke of his horſe, and he makes it a great appropriation vnto his owne good parts, that he can ſhoo himſelfe: I am much afeard my Lady his Mother plaid falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, if you will not haue me, chooſe; he heares merry tales and ſmiles not, I feare he will prooue the weeping Philoſopher whē he growes old, being ſo full of vnmannerly ſadneſſe in his youth.) I had rather be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then

to eyther of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, *Mounsier le Boune*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palatine, hee is euery man in no man, if a Trassell sing, hee fals straight a capring, hee will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnesse, I shall neuer requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Fauconbridge*, the young Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he vnderstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, & you will come into the Court and sweare that I haue a poore penniworth in the English: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerse with a dumbe show? how odly he is suted, I think he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behauiour euery where.

Nerissa. What thinke you of the Scottish Lord his Neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englishman, and swore he wold pay him againe when he was able: I thinke the Frenchman became his surety, and seald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is best, hee is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst he is little better then a beast; and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your fathers wil, if you shold refuse to accept him.

Por. Therfore for feare of the worst, I prethee set a deep glasse of

of Reynish Wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell bee within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing *Nerissa*, ere ile be married to a spunge.

Ner. You need not feare Lady, the hauing any of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more sute, vnlesse you may be won by some other sort then your fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, vnlesse I bee obtained by the manner of my fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; & I pray God grant them a faire departure.

Ner. Do you not remember Lady in your fathers time, a *Venetian* Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in company of the Marquesse of *Mountferrat*?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke he was so call'd.

Ner. True Maddam, he of all the men that euer my foolish eyes lookt vpon, was the best deseruing a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

How now, what newes?

Enter a seruingman.

Ser. The foure strangers seeke for you Madame, to take their leaue; and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Master will be heere to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome, with so good a heart as I can bid the other foure farwell, I should be glad of his approch: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complection of a diuell, I had rather he should shriue me then wiue me. Come *Nerissa*, sirra go before: whiles we shut the gates vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio, with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, well.

Bass. I sir, for three months.

Shy. For three moneths, well.

Bass. For the which as I told you,
Anthonio shall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answere?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three moneths,
and *Anthonio* bound.

Bass. Your answere to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Bass. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying hee is a good man, is to haue you vnderstand me, that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*, I vnderstand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, & other ventures he hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boards, Saylers but men; there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke me, may I speake with *Anthonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs.

Shy. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the *Nazarite* conjured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes heere?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signiour *Anthonio.*

Shy. How like a fawning Publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that in lowe simplicity
He lends out mony gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vsance heere with vs in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles
Euen there where Merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he cals interest: Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgiue him.

Bass. *Shylocke*, do you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere guesse of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tuball, a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe,
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire? Rest you faire good Signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. *Shylocke*, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giuing of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome: are you resolu'd,
How much he would haue?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three moneths.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me-thought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I do neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vnckle *Labans* sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wise Mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possessor; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy.

Shy. No, not take intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly intereſt, marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe were compremyzd,
That all the eanelings which were ſtreakt and pied,
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In th'end of Autume turned to the Rams,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene theſe woolly breeders in the acte,
The skilfull ſhepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He ſtucke them vp before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceiuing, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloured lambes, and thoſe were *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thriue, and he was bleſt:
And thrift is bleſſing if men ſteale it not.

Ant. This was a venture ſir, that *Iacob* ſer'ud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to paſſe,
But ſwayd and faſhion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſiluer, Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as faſt,
But note me ſignior.

Ant. Marke you this *Baſſanio*,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpoſe,
An euill ſoule producing holy witneſſe,
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outſide falſhood hath.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelue, then let me ſee the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vſances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
(For ſufferance is the badge of all our Tribe)

You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And ſpet vpon my *Iewiſh* gaberdine,
And all for vſe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you need my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would haue monies, you ſay ſo:
You that did voyd your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Ouer your threſhold, money is your ſute,
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible
A curre can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whiſpring humbleneſſe
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpet on me on wendſday laſt,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day another time,
You call'd me dog: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on thee againe, to ſpurne thee to.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he breake, thou maiſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the ſhames that you haue ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doyte
Of vſance for my monies, and you'l not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

Baſſ. This were kindneſſe.

Shy. This kindneſſe will I ſhow,
Goe with me to a Notarie, ſeale me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merry ſport,

If you repay me not on ſuch a day
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſumme or ſummes as are
Expreſt in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.
Ant. Content i faith, ile ſeale to ſuch a bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſſe in the *Iew*.
Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſity.
An. Why feare not man, *I* will not forfet it,
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, *I* do expect returne
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abram*, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others: pray you tell me this,
If he ſhould breake his day, what ſhould I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neyther
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goats, I ſay,
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
If he will take it ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond,
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraight,
See to my houſe, left in the fearefull guard
Of an vnthrifty knaue; and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee gentle *Iew*: the Hebrew will turne Chriſtian,
he growes ſo kinde.
Baſſ. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay.

My ſhips come home a month before the day. *Exeunt*

Enter Morochus a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriſſa, & their traine.

Moroc. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuery of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring the faireſt creature North-ward borne,
Where Phœbus fire ſcarſe thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make inciſion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant (by my Loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded virgins of our clime
Hath lou'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Por. In termes of choiſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes.
Beſides, the Lottry of my deſtiny
Barres me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) than ſtood as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet,
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune. By this Semitaur
That ſlew the Sophy, and a Perſian Prince,
That wonne three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke:
Out-braue the heart moſt daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong ſucking Cubs from the ſhee-Beare,

Yea, mocke the Lyon when he rores for prey,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blinde fortune leading mee,
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And dye with greeuing.

Portia. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong,
Neuer to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduiſde.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me to my chance

Por. Firſt forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt, or curſedſt among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerue me to run from this Iew my maſter. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me ſaying to mee, *Gobbo, Lancelet Gobbo,* good *Lancelet,* or good *Gobbo,* or good *Lancelet Gobbo,* vſe your legges, take the ſtarte, runne away: My Conſcience ſayes no; take heed honeſt *Lancelet,* take heede honeſt *Gobbo,* or as aforeſaide, honeſt *Launcelet Gobbo,* do not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles. Well, the moſt couragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue mind ſayes the fiend, and runne. Well, my conſcience hanging about the neck of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to me; My honeſt friend *Lancelet,* being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too, he had a kinde of taſte: well, my conſcience ſayes bouge

bouge not; bouge ſaies the fiend; bouge not ſayes my Conſcience. Conſcience ſay I you counſell well; Fiend ſay I you counſell ill. To be rul'd by my Conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Iew my maſter, who (God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to runne away from the Iew, I ſhould be rul'de by the fiend, who (ſauing your reuerence) is the Diuell himſelfe. Certainly the Iew is the very diuell incarnall, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſell me to ſtay with the Iew. The fiende giues the more friendly counſaile, I will run fiend, my heeles are at your command, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gobbo. Maſter yong man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maſter Iewes?

Lance. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand blind, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try concluſions with him.

Gobbo. Maſter yong Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to maſter Iewes?

Lance. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the verie nexte turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly vnto the Iewes houſe.

Gobbo. Be Gods ſonties twill bee a hard way to hit, can you tell me whither one *Lancelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him, or no?

Lancelet. Talke you of young maſter *Lancelet*? Marke mee now, now will I raiſe the waters:
Talke you of yong M. *Lancelet*?

Gobbo. No maſter ſir, but a poore mans ſonne.
His Father (though I ſay it)
Is an honeſt exceeding poore man,
And God be thanked, well to liue.

Lancelet. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talk of yong

Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worſhips friend, and *Lancelet* ſir.

Lan. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talke you of yong M. *Lancelet*.

Gob, Of *Lancelet* an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Lan. *Ergo* maſter *Lancelet*, talke not of maiſter *Lancelet* Father; for the yong Gentleman according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch braunches of learning, is indeed deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plain terms, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the verie ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Lance. Do I looke like a cudgell or a houell poſte, a ſtaffe, or a prop: do you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy (GOD reſt his ſoule) aliue or dead.

Lance. Do you not know me Father?

Gob. Alacke ſir, I am ſand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his own child. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your ſonne, giue mee your bleſſing; Trueth will come to light, Murther cannot be hidde long, a mans ſonne may, but at the length trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand vp, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Lance. Pray you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue me your bleſſing; I am *Lancelot* your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Lance. I know not what I ſhall thinke of that, but I am *Lancelet* the Iews man, and I am ſure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeede, ile be ſworne if thou bee *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might

might he be, what a beard haſt thou got? thou haſt got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my pilhorſe has on his tale.

Lan. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am ſure he had more haire of his tayle then I haue of my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doeſt thou and thy Maſter agree? I haue brought him a preſent; how agree you now?

Lance. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue ſet vp my reſt to runne away, ſo I will not reſt till I haue run ſome ground; My maſter's a very Iew, giue him a preſent, giue him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſeruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your preſent to one Maſter *Baſſanio*, who indeed giues rare new liueries, if I ſerue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iew if I ſerue the Iew any longer.

Enter Baſſanio with a follower or two.

Baſſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Exit one of his men.

Lance. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your Worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercy, wouldſt thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my ſonne ſir, a poore boy.

Lance. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich Iewes man that wold ſir, as my father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one would ſay to ſerue.

Lance. Indeed the ſhort and the long is, I ſerue the Iew, and haue a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His Maſter and he (ſauing your worſhips reuerence) are ſcarſe catercoſins.

Lan. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew hauing don me wrong, doth cauſe me as my Father, being I hope, an olde man, ſhall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a diſh of Doues that I would beſtow vpon your worſhip: and my ſute is———

Lan. In very briefe, the ſute is impertinent to my ſelfe, as your worſhip ſhal know by this honeſt old man, and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poore man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you ſir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſute,
Shylocke thy maſter ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes ſeruice, to become
The follower of ſo poore a Gentleman.

Lan. The old Prouerbe is very well parted between my maſter *Shylock* and you ſir, You haue the grace of God ſir, and hee hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeakſt it well. Go Father with thy ſonne,
Take leaue of thy old maſter, and enquire
My Lodging out. Giue him a Liuery
More garded then his fellowes, ſee it done.

Lan. Father in, I cannot get a ſeruice, no, I haue nere a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in *Italy* haue a fairer table which doth offer to ſweare vppon a booke, I ſhall haue good fortune. Go too, heere's a ſimple line of life, here's a ſmal trifle of wiues: Alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, eleuen VViddowes and nine maids, is a ſimple comming in for one man, and then to eſcape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, heere are ſimple ſcapes: well, if Fortune bee a woman, ſhee's a good wench for this geere. Father, come, ile take my leaue of the Iew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exit Clowne.

Baſſ. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought, and orderly beſtow'd,

Returne

Returne in haſt, for I do feaſt to night,
My beſt eſteem'd acquaintance, hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeuors ſhall be done heerein. *Exit*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maſter.

Leon. Yonder ſir he walkes.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*.

Baſſ. *Gratiano*?

Gra. I haue a ſute to you.

Baſſ. You haue obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to *Belmont*.

Baſſ. Why then you muſt. But heare thee *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wilde, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eies as ours appeare not faults,
But where thou art not knowne. Why there they ſhew
Something too lib'rall: prethee take paine
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie
Thy skipping ſpirit, leſt through thy wilde behauiour
I be miſconſtred in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, heare me:
If I do not put on a ſober habite,
Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and than;
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while Grace is ſaying, hood mine eies
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay Amen:
Vſe all the obſeruance of ciuility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, neuer truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to night.

Baſſ. No that were pitty,
I would entreate you rather to put on

Your

Your boldeſt ſute of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpoſe merriment: but faryewell,
I haue ſome buſineſſe.
Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt,
But we will viſite you at ſupper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ieſſica and the Clowne.

Ieſſica. I am ſorry thou wilt leaue my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merry diuell
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſſe,
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet*, ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maſters gueſt,
Giue him this Letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farwell: I would not haue my Father
See me in talke with thee.
Lance. Adew, teares exhibite my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweete Iew, if a Chriſtian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adew, theſe fooliſh drops do ſomething drowne my manly ſpirit: adieu. *Exit.*
Ieſſica. Farwell good *Lancelet*.
Alacke, what heynous ſinne is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keepe promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian, and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will ſlinke away in ſupper time,
Diſguiſe vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.
Gra. We haue not made good preparation.
Salar. We haue not ſpoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.
Salanio. Tis vile, vnleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.
Loren. Tis now but foure a clocke, we haue two houres

Enter Lancelet.

To furniſh vs; friend *Lancelet*, what's the newes?
Lan. If it pleaſe you to breake vp this, it ſhall ſeeme to ſignifie.
Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
Is the faire hand that writ.
Grat. Loue newes, in faith.
Lance. By your leaue ſir.
Loren. Whither goeſt thou?
Lance. Marry ſir, to bid my olde Maſter the Iew to ſup to night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian.
Loren. Hold here take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*,
I will not fayle her, ſpeake it priuately.
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*
Salar. I marry, ile be gone about it ſtraight.
Salan. And ſo will I.
Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging,
Some houre hence. *Exit.*
Salar. Tis good we do ſo.
Grat. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica*?
Loren. I muſt needs tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and iewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſute ſhe hath in readineſſe,
If ere the Iew her father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters ſake,
And neuer dare misfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe do it vnder this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe Iew:
Come goe with me, peruſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter the Iew and Lancelet.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy iudge,
The diffrence of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;

What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gourmandize
As thou haſt done with me: what *Ieſſica*?
And ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparrell out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.

Clowne. Why *Ieſſica.*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Clo. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Ieſſica.

Ief. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica*,
There are my keyes; but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet ile go in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my gyrle,
Looke to my houſe. I am right loth to go,
There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money bagges to night.

Clowne. I beſeech you ſir go,
My yong Maſter doth expect your reproch.

Shy. So do I his.

Clown. And they haue conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske; but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſix a clock in the morning, falling out that yeare on Aſhwenſday was four yeare in th'afternoone.

Shy. What, are there maskes? Heare me *Ieſſica*:
Locke vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the Caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publike ſtreete,
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my Caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare,
I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night:

But I will go. Go you before me ſirra,
Say I will come.

Clowne. I will go before ſir.
Miſtreſſe looke out at a window for all this,
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Iewes* eye.

Shy. What ſayes that foole of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.

Ief. His words were, Farewell miſtris, nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-ſlow in profit, and he ſleepes by day
More then the wilde Cat: Drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one, that I would haue him helpe to waſte
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſſica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately,
Do as *I* bid you, ſhut doores after you,
Faſt binde, faſt finde,
A Prouerbe neuer ſtale in thrifty minde. *Exit*

Ief. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I haue a Father, you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salarino.

Gra. This is the pent-houſe vnder which
Lorenzo deſir'd vs to make ſtand.

Sal. His houre is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus* pigeons flye
To ſeale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds: who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keene appetite that he ſits downe?
Where is the horſe that doth vntreade againe
His tedious meaſures, with the vnbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed then enioy'd.

How like a younger or a prodigall,
The skarfed Barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hugd and embraced by the strumpet winde,
How like the prodigall doth she returne
With ouer-weatherd ribs and ragged sayles,
Leane, rent, and beggerd by the strumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.
Lo. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode
Not I, but my affaires haue made you waite:
When you shal please to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approch,
Here dwels my father *Iew*. Ho, whose within?

Iessica aboue.

Iess. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that *I* do know your tongue.
Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy loue.
Iess. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I so much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?
Lo. Heauen & thy thoghts are witnes that thou art
Iess. Here, catch this Casket, tis worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you do not looke on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselues commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Iess. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames,
They in themselues goodsooth are too too light.
Why tis an office of discouery, Loue,
And I should be obscur'd.
Lor. So are you sweete,
Euen in the louely garnish of a boy,
But come at once, for the close night

Doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanios* feast.
Iess. I will make fast the doores, and guild my selfe
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight.
Grat. Now by my hood, a Gentile and no Iew.
Lor. Beshrew me but I loue her hartily,
For she is wise, if I can iudge of her,
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proo'ud herselfe,
And therefore like herselfe, wise, faire and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior *Anthonio.*
Ant. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be vnder sayle, & gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the Curtaines, and discouer
The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choise.
Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.
The second siluer, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withall.
Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me ſee,
I will ſuruay th'inſcriptions backe againe,
What ſayes this leaden Casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath,
Muſt giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This Casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſayes the ſiluer with her virgine hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
As much as he deſerues, pauſe there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an eeuen hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerue enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deſeruing,
Were but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as I deſerue, why that's the Lady,
I do in birth deſerue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then theſe, in loue I do deſerue.
What if I ſtraid no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grau'd in gold:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world deſires her.
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deſerts, and the vaſty wildes
Of wide *Arabia*, are as through-fares now
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The watry Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come

As ore a brooke to ſee faire *Portia*.
One of theſe three containes her heauenly picture.
Is't like that leade containes her, t'were damnation
To thinke ſo baſe a thought, it were too groſſe
To rib her ſere-cloth in the obſcure graue,
Or ſhall I thinke in ſiluer ſhee's immur'd,
Being ten times vnder-valewed to tride gold,
O ſinfull thought, neuer ſo rich a Iem
Was ſet in worſe then gold. They haue in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's inſculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Heere do I chooſe, and thriue I as I may.
Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.
Mor. O hell! what haue we heere, a carrion death?
Within whoſe empty eye there is a written ſcroule,
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath ſolde,
But my outſide to behold,
Guilded timber do wormes infold:
Had you bene as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbes, in iudgement old,
Your anſwere had not beene inſcrolde,
Fare you well, your ſute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour loſt,
Then farwell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue; thus loſers part. *Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, goe,
Let all of his complection chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why man, I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ship I me sure *Lorenzo* is not.
Salan. The villaine Iew with outcries raisde the Duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanios* ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was vnder saile,
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand,
That in a Gondylo were seene together
Lorenza and his armorous *Iessica.*
Besides *Anthonio* certified the Duke,
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.
Salan. I neuer heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outragious, and so variable,
As the Dog Iew did vtter in the streetes,
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my christian ducats.
Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter.
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two stones, two rich & precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the gyrle,
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.
Salar. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessell of our country richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Salan.

Salan. You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you heare,
Yet do not sodainely, for it may greeue him.
Salar. A kinder Gentleman treades not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he answered, do not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and employ your cheefest thoughts
To Courtship, and such faire ostents of loue,
As shall conueniently become you there.
And euen there his eye being bigge with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him;
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.
Salan. I thinke he onely loues the world for him:
I prethee let vs goe and finde him out,
And quicken his embraced heauinesse,
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. *Exeunt*

Enter Nerrissa and a Seruitor.

Ner. Quicke, quicke, I pray thee, draw the Curtain straite,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.

Por. Behold, there stand the Caskets Noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if you faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Arra. I am enioyn'd by oath to obserue three things.
First, neuer to vnfold to any one

 Which

Which Casket twas I choſe. Next, if I faile
Of the right Casket, neuer in my life
To woe a maide in way of marriage:
Laſtly, if I do faile in fortune of my choiſe,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.
Por. To theſe iniunctions euery one doth ſweare,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſſe ſelfe.
Arr. And ſo haue I addreſt me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: Gold, Siluer, and baſe Lead.
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
VVhat ſayes the golden Cheſt? ha, let me ſee,
VVho chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
VVhat many men deſire, that many may be meant
By the foole-multitude, that chuſe by ſhow:
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
VVhich pries not to th'interiour; but like the Martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not iumpe with common ſpirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
VVhy then to thee thou Siluer treaſure houſe,
Tell me once more what title thou doſt beare:
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To coſen Fortune, and be honourable
VVithout the ſtampe of merit, let none preſume
To weare an vndeſerued dignity:
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
VVere not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honor
VVere purchac'd by the merit of the wearer,
How many then ſhould couer, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low pezantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeede of honor? And how much honor,

Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times
To be new verniſh'd? well, but to my choiſe,
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
I will aſſume deſert. Giue me a key for this,
And inſtantly vnlocke my fortunes heere.
Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you finde there.
Arrag. VVhat's heere, the portrait of a blinking Ideot,
Preſenting me a ſedule? I will reade it.
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes, and my deſeruings.
Who chooſeth me ſhall haue as much as he deſerues.
Did I deſerue no more then a fooles head?
Is that my prize? Are my deſerts no better?
Por. To offend and iudge are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed Natures.
Arrag. VVhat heere? *Hee reads.*

The fire ſeuen times tried this:
Seuen times tried that iudgement is,
That did neuer chooſe amis.
Some there be that ſhadowes kis,
Such haue but a ſhadowes blis:
There be fooles aliue I wis,
Siluer'd o're, and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are ſped.

Still more foole I ſhall appeere,
By the time I linger heere,
VVith one fooles head I came to woe,
But I go away vvith two.
Sweet adieu, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my vvroath.
Portia. Thus hath the candle ſindg'd the Moth.
O theſe deliberate fooles, vvhen they do chooſe,

They haue their wisedome, by their wit to loose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destiny.
Por. Come draw the Curtaine *Nerrissa.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?
Por. Heere, what would my Lord?
Mess. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich valew; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweet,
To shew how costly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.
Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-fear'd
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praising him:
Come, come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quicke Cupids post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. *Bassanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exit.*

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?
Salar. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrowe seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, & fatal, wher the carkasses of many a tall shippe lie buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman of her word.
Salan. I would shee were as a lying gossippe in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbors beleeue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slippes of prolixity, or crossing the plaine highway of talk, that the good

Anthonio, the honest *Anthonio*, O that I had a title good inough to keepe his name company.
Salar. Come, the full stop.
Sal. Ha, what saist thou? why the end is, he hath lost a ship.
Salar. I would it might proue the end of his losses.
Salan. Let me say Amen betimes, least the deuill crosse my prayer, for heere he comes in the likenesse of a Iew.

Enter Shylocke.

How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Marchants?
Shy. You know, none so well, none so well as you,
Of my daughters flight.
Salar. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor
That made the wings she flew withall.
Salan. And *Shylocke* for his owne part knew the Birde was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the Dam.
Shy. She is damn'd for it.
Salar. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her iudge.
Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.
Salan. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeares.
Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.
Salar. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hirs, then betweene Iet and Iuory: more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine & rennish: but tell vs, do you heare, whether *Anthonio* haue had at losse a sea or no?
Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigal, who dare scarse shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond: he was wont to call me vsurer, let him looke to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond.
Salar. Why I am sure if he forfet, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?
Shyl. To baite fish withall; if it will feede nothing els it will feed my reuenge: he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mocke at my gaines, scorned my na-

tion, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friendes, heated mine enemies, and what's his reaſon, I am a Iewe. Hath nos a Iewe eyes? hath not a Iew hands? organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food? hurt with the ſame weapons? ſubiect to the ſame diſeaſes? healed by the ſame meanes? warmed and cooled by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? If you pricke vs, do we not bleede? If you tickle vs, do we not laugh? If you poyſon vs, do wee not dye? And if you wrong vs, ſhall we not reuenge? If wee are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Iew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility, Reuenge? If a Chriſtian wrong a Iewe, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example, why Reuenge? The villany you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall goe hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeake with you both.

Salar. We haue bene vp and downe to ſeeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Salan. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnleſſe the diuell himſelfe turne Iew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from Genowa? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankford. The curſe neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now: two thouſande ducats in that, and other precious precious iewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare: O would ſhee were hearſt at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin. No newes of them, why ſo: and I know not whats ſpent in the ſearch: why thou loſſe vpon loſſe; the theefe gone with ſo much,

much, and ſo much to finde the Theefe, and no ſatisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke ſtirring but what lights on my ſhoulders, no ſighes but of my breathing, no teares but of my ſhedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill luck too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genoway.

Shy. What, what, what ill lucke, ill lucke?

Tuball. Hath an Argoſie caſt away comming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, iſt true? iſt true?

Tuball. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylers that eſcaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke the good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genoway.

Tuball. Your daughter ſpent in Genoway, as I heard, in one night, foureſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me, I ſhall neuer ſee my golde againe; foureſcore ducates at a ſitting! Foureſcore ducats!

Tuball. There came diuers of *Anthonios* Creditours in my company vnto Venice, that ſweare that hee cannot chooſe but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad on't.

Tuball. One of them ſhewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkey.

Shy. Out vpon her: thou tortur'ſt me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchellor. I would not haue giuen it for a wilderneſſe of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go *Tuball*, fee mee an Officer, beſpeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit. For were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will go: go *Tuball*, and meete me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their Traines.

Portia.

Por. I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard: for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your company, therefore forbeare a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not loſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.
But leaſt you ſhould not vnderſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere ſome moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but I am then forſworne,
So will I neuer be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you do, you'l make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had bene forſworne. Beſhrew your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me, and diuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would ſay; but if mine then yours,
And ſo all yours. O theſe naughty times
Puts barres betweene the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours, not yours (proue it ſo)
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To eck it, and to draw out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chooſe,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled with your loue.

Baſſ. None but that vgly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me feare th'inioying of my loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced do ſpeake any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth,

Por. Well then, confeſſe and liue.

Baſſ. Confeſſe and loue,
Had bene the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſweres for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the Caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you do loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerriſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloofe,
Let muſicke ſound while he doth make his choiſe,
Then if he loſe, he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſicke. That the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſicke then? Then muſicke is
Euen as the flouriſh, when true ſubiects bow
To a new crownd Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming Bridegroomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſſe preſence, but with much more loue
Then young *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgin tribute, payd by howling *Troy*,
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the *Dardanian* wiues,
With bleared viſages come foorth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Goe *Hercules*,
Liue thou, I liue with much more diſmay
To view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.

A ſong, the whilſt Baſſanio comments on the Caskets to himſelfe.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed? *Replie, reply.*
It is engendered in the eye,

With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lyes,
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues
The world is ſtill deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill. In religion
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſenes with faire ornament:
There is no voice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtaiers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
Which maketh ſuch wanton gambals with the wind,
Vpon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, often knowne
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The skull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudy gold,

Hard foole for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatneſt then doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſſe moues me more then eloquence,
And heere chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhyddring feare, and greene-eyed iealouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure range thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
For feare I ſurfet.
Baſſ. What finde I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
Hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eyes?
Or whither riding on the ball's of mine
Seeme they in motion? Heere are ſeuerd lips
Parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: heere in her haires
The painter playes the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes,
How could he ſee to do them? hauing made one,
Me-thinks it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his,
And leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: yet looke how farre
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In vnderprizing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
Doth limpe behind the ſubſtance. Heer's the ſcroule,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view,
Chance as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,

And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kiſſe.

A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue;
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes;
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt,
Whether thoſe pearles of praiſe be his or no.
So thrice faire Lady, ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee me Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſumme of ſomething; which to terme in groſſe,
Is an vnleſſon'd gyrle, vnſchool'd, vnpractiſed,
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne: happier then this,
She is not bred ſo dull, but ſhe can learne;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours, to be directed
As from her Lord, her Gouernor, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manſion, maſter of my ſeruants,
Queene ore my ſelfe; and euen now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſeruants, and this ſame my ſelfe

Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loſe, or giue away,
Let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.
Baſſ. Madame, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood ſpeakes to you in my veines,
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome Oration fairely ſpoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude.
Where euery ſomething being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, ſaue of ioy
Expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio* is dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue ſtood by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the ioy that you can wiſh:
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
And when your honours meane to ſolemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I do beſeech you
Euen at that time I may be married to.
Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you haue got me one.
My eies my Lord, can looke as ſwift as yours;
You ſaw the Miſtreſſe, I beheld the Maid;
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you,
Your fortune ſtood vpon the Casket there,
And ſo did mine too, as the matter fals:
For wooing heere vntill I ſwet againe,
And ſwearing till my very roofe was dry,
With oathes of loue, at laſt, if promiſe laſt
I got a promiſe of this faire one here,

To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her Mistris.
Por. Is this true, *Nerrissa*?
Ner. Maddam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.
Bass. And do you *Gratiano* meane good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
Gra. Wee'l play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats
Ner. What, and stake downe?
Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.
But who comes heere, *Lorenzo* and his infidell?
What, and my olde venetian friend, *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio a messenger from Venice.

Bass Lorenzo and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
Sweete *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your Honour, for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did entreate me past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Bass. Ere I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor well, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

He opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerrissa, cheere yon stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?

How doth that royall Merchant, good *Anthonio*?
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the *Iasons*, we haue won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassanios* cheeke,
Some deare friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man: what worse and worse?
With leaue *Bassanio*, I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweete *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleasantst words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veines, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Lady,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing; for indeed
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
To feed my meanes. Heer's a Letter Lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And euery word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*?
Hath all his ventures faild? what, not one hit,
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, and *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had

The preſent money to diſcharge the Iew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the ſhape of man,
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the ſtate
If they deny him iuſtice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himſelfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port haue all perſwaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeyture, of iuſtice, and his bond.
Ieſſica. When I was with him, I haue heard him ſweare
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Country-men,
That he would rather haue *Anthonios* fleſh,
Then twenty times the value of the ſumme
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore *Anthonio*.
Por. Is it your deare friend that is thus in trouble?
Baſſ. The deereſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and vnwearied ſpirit
In doing courteſies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares,
Then any that drawes breath in *Italy*.
Por. What ſumme owes he the Iew?
Baſſ. For me three thouſand Ducats.
Por. What no more, pay him ſix thouſand & deface the bond,
Double ſixe thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a haire through *Baſſanios* fault.
Firſt go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend;
For neuer ſhall you lye by *Portias* ſide
With an vnquiet ſoule. You ſhall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;

My maide *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelfe meane time
Will liue as maides and widdowes; come away,
For you ſhall hence vpon your wedding day.
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baſſanio, My ſhips haue all miſcarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my eſtate is very low: my bond to the Iew is forfet, and ſince in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould liue, all debts are cleered betweene you and I if I might but ſee you at my death. Notwithſtanding, vſe your pleaſure; if your loue doe not perſwade you to come, let not my Letter.

O Loue! diſpatch all buſineſſe, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I haue your good leaue to go away,
I will make haſt. But till I come againe,
No bed ſhall ere be guilty of my ſtay,
No reſt be interpoſer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Iew, and Salarino, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lent out money gratis.
Iaylor, looke to him.
An. Heare me yet good *Shylocke*.
Iew. Ile haue my bond, ſpeake not againſt my bond:
I haue ſworne an oath, that I will haue my bond.
Thou cald'ſt me dogge before thou hadſt a cauſe,
But ſince I am a dogge, beware my fangs.
The Duke ſhall grant me iuſtice: I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
An. I prethee heare me ſpeake.
Iew. Ile haue my bond: I will not heare thee ſpeake;
Ile haue my bond, and therefore ſpeake no more.

Ile not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd foole,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yeeld
To Chriſtian interceſſors: follow not,
Ile haue no ſpeaking, I will haue my bond.
Exit Iew.

Sol. It is the moſt impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootleſſe prayers.
He ſeekes my life, his reaſon well I know:
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made mone to mee,
Therefore he hates me.
Sal. I am ſure the Duke will neuer grant
This forfeyture to hold.
An. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of Law:
For the commodity that ſtrangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iuſtice of his ſtate,
Since that the trade and profit of the City
Conſiſteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
Theſe greefes and loſſes haue ſo bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
VVell Iaylor on, pray God *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, Nerriſſa, Lorenzo, Ieſſica, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeake it in your preſence,
You haue a noble and a true conceite
Of God-like amity, which appeares moſt ſtrongly,
In bearing thus the abſence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you ſend releeſe,

How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke,
Then cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do conuerſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſoules do beare an equall yoke of loue,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of ſpirit:
Which makes me thinke, that this *Anthonio*
(Being the boſome-louer of my Lord) ſt
Muſt needs be like my Lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I haue beſtowed
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoule,
From out the ſtate of helliſh miſery.
This comes too neere the praiſing of my ſelfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and manage of my houſe,
Vntill my Lords returne. For mine owne part,
I haue toward heauen breath'd a ſecret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerriſſa* heere,
Vntill her husband, and my Lords returne.
There is a Monaſtery two miles off,
And there will we abide. I do deſire you,
Not to deny this impoſition,
The which my loue, and ſome neceſſity
Now layes vpon you.
Lor. Madame, with all my heart,
I ſhall obey you in all faire commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Ieſſica*,
In place of Lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelfe.
And ſo farewell till we ſhall meete againe.
Lor. Faire thoughts & happy hours attend on you.

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Ieſ. I wiſh your Lady-ſhip all hearts content.
Por. I thanke you for your wiſh, and am well pleaſd
To wiſh it backe on you: farewell *Ieſſica.* *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaſer*, as I haue euer found thee honeſt true,
So let me finde thee ſtill: Take this ſame Letter,
And vſe thou all th'indeuour of a man
In ſpeede to *Mantua*; ſee thou render this
Into my Coſins hands, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd ſpeede
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferry
Which trades to Venice: waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone, I ſhall be there before thee.
Bai. Madam, I go with all conuenient ſpeede. *Exit.*
Por. Come on *Nerriſſa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of. Wee'l ſee our husbands
Before they thinke of vs.
Ner. Shall they ſee vs?
Por. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habite,
That they ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed
With that we lacke. Ile hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparreld like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voice, and turne two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies ſought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell ſicke and dyed:
I could not doe withall. Then ile repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of theſe punie lies ile tell,
That men ſhall ſweare I haue diſcontinued ſchoole
Aboue a twelue-month. I haue within my minde
A thouſand raw trickes of theſe bragging iackes,
VVhich

VVhich I will practiſe.
Ner. VVhy, ſhall we turne to men?
Por. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my whole deuice
VVhen I am in my Coach, which ſtayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haſt away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt*

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clo. Yes truly, for looke you, the ſinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promiſe ye I feare you, I was alwayes plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeake my agitation of the matrer: therefore be a good cheere, for truly I think you are damn'd, ther is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.
Ieſ. And what hope is that I pray thee?
Clo. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.
Ieſſi. That were a kind of baſtard hope indeede, ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited vpon me.
Clo. Truely then I feare you are damn'd both by Father and Mother: thus when I ſhun *Scilla* your father, I fal into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.
Ieſ. I ſhall be ſau'd by my husband, he hath made me a chriſtian.
Clo. Truly the more to blame he; we were Chriſtians enow before, e'ne as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs, if we grow all to be Porke-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly haue a raſher on the coles for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieſ. Ile tel my husband *Lancelet* what you ſay, here he comes.
Lor. I ſhall grow iealous of you ſhortly *Lancelet*, if you thus

 get

get my wife into corners.

Ieſ. Nay, you neede not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out; he tels me flatly, there's no mercy for me in heauen, becauſe I am a Iewes daughter: and he ſayes you are no good mẽber of the Common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of Porke.

Lor. I ſhall anſwere that better to the Common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negros belly; the Moore's with childe by you *Lancelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore ſhould be more then reaſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhee is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Lor. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turne into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none onely but Parrats. Go in ſirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done ſir, they haue all ſtomackes.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit-ſnapper are you: then bid thẽ prepare dinner.

Clo. That's done too ſir, onely couer is the word.

Lor. Will you couer than ſir?

Clo. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhewe the whole wealth of thy witte in an inſtant? I pray thee vnderſtand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: Goe to thy Fellowes, bid them couer the table, ſerue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

Clo. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſeru'd in, for the meate ſir it ſhall be couered, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humors and conceits ſhall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Lor. O deere diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An army of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſie word
Defie the matter: how far'ſt thou *Ieſſica*?

And

And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanios* wife?

Ieſ. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meete
The Lord *Baſſanio* liue an vpright life,
For hauing ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady.
He findes th e ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, then
In reaſon he ſhould neuer come to heauen.
Why, if two Gods ſhould play ſome heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Euen ſuch a husband haſt thou of me,
As ſhe is for wife.

Ieſ. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that.

Lor. I will anon, firſt let vs go to dinner.

Ieſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I haue a ſtomacke.

Lor. No prethee, let it ſerue for table talke,
Then howſoere thou ſpeakſt mong other things,
I ſhall diſgeſt it.

Ieſ. Well, ile ſet you forth. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke, the Magnificos, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

An. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony aduerſary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapeable of pitty, voide and empty
From any dram of mercy.

An. I haue heard,
Your Grace hath tane great paines
To qualifie his rigorous courſe:
But ſince he ſtands obdurate,

And

And that no lawfull meanes can carrie mee
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his furie, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The verie tiranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one and call the Iew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke ſo to,
That thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt houre of act, and then tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercie and remorſe more ſtrange,
Then is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty:
And where thou now exacts the penalty,
(VVhich is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh)
Thou wilt not onely looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſſe and loue,
Forgiue a moity of the principall;
Glancing an eie of pittie on his loſſes,
That haue of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe,
And plucke commiſſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborne Turkes, and Tartars neuer train'd
To offices of tender curteſie;
VVe all expect a gentle anſwer Iew.
Iew. I haue poſſeſt your Grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I ſworne
To haue the due and forfet of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
A weight of carrion fleſh, then to receiue

Three thouſand Ducats? Ile not anſwer that,
But ſay it is my humor, is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thouſand ducats
To haue it baind? what, are you anſwered yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping pig:
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat:
And others when the Bagpipe ſings i'th noſe,
Cannot containe their vrine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes: now for your anſwere.
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig?
Why he a harmleſſe neceſſary Cat?
Why he a woollen Bagpipe; but of force
Muſt yeeld to ſuch ineuitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelfe being offended:
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not,
More then a lodged hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſute againſt him; are you anſwered?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou vnfeeling man,
To excuſe the currant of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwere.
Baſſ. Do all men kill the things they do not loue?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Euery offence is not a hate at firſt.
Shy. What wouldſt thou haue a ſerpent ſting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you thinke you queſtion with the Iew,
You may as well go ſtand vpon the Beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his vſuall height,
You may as well vſe queſtion with the Wolfe,
Why he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretten with the guſts of heauen:

You

You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeeke to ſoften that, then which what's harder:
His Iewiſh heart? therefore I do beſeech you
Make no moe offers, vſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniency
Let me haue iudgement, and the *Iew* his will.
Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſixe.
Iew. If euery ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond.
Du. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?
Iew. What iudgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them, ſhall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?
Why ſweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands; you will anſwer,
The ſlaues are ours, ſo do I anſwer you;
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him,
Is deerely bought, tis mine and I will haue it:
If you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for iudgement, anſwer, ſhall I haue it?
Duke. Vpon my power I may diſmiſſe this Court,
Vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue ſent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.
Saler. My Lord, heere ſtayes without,
A meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.
Duke. Bring vs the Letters, call the Meſſenger.
Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*, what man, courage yet:
The *Iew* ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones and all,

Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.
Antho. I am a tainted weather of the flocke,
Meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kinde of fruite
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Baſſanio*,
Then to liue ſtill and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerriſſa.

Du'ke. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both, my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace.
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there
Gra. Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh *Iew*
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keeneneſſe
Of thy ſharpe enuy: can no prayers pierce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accuſde;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſoules of Animals infuſe themſelues
Into the trunks of men: Thy curriſh ſpirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleete,
And whilſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam,
Infuſde it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
Are woluiſh, bloody, ſtaru'd and rauenous.
Iew. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond,
Thou but offendſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for law.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth heere hard by,

To know your anſwere, whether you'l admit him.
Duke. With all my heart; ſome three or foure of you
Goe giue him courteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarios* Letter.

Your Grace ſhall vnderſtand, that at the receite of your Letter I am very ſicke; but in the inſtant that your Meſſenger came, in louing viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazer: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controuerſie betweene the Iew and Anthonio the Merchant; we turned ore many Bookes together, hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning, the greatneſſe whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend eſtimation, for I neuer knew ſo young a body with ſo olde a head: I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe triall ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazer.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere I take it is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?
Por. I did my Lord.
Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.
Por. I am enformed throughly of the cauſe:
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?
Duke. *Anthonio* and olde *Shylocke*, both ſtand foorth.
Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?
Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impunge you as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, doe ye not?
Ant. I, ſo he ſayes.

Por. Do you confeſſe the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then muſt the *Iew* be mercifull.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I, tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath: it is twice bleſt,
It bleſſeth him that giues, and him that takes,
Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his crowne.
His ſcepter ſhewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and maieſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelfe;
And earthly power doth then ſhew lik'ſt Gods,
When mercy ſeaſons iuſtice: therefore *Iew*,
Though iuſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of iuſtice, none of vs
Should ſee ſaluation: we do pray for mercy,
And that ſame prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercy. I haue ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the iuſtice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict Court of Venice
Muſt needs giue ſentence gainſt the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſſ. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea twice the ſumme, if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffize, it muſt appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beſeech you
Wreſt once the Law to your authority,

To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.
Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a Decree eſtabliſhed:
Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an errour by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate, it cannot be.
Shy. A *Daniel* come to iudgement: yea a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young Iudge, how I do honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Shy. Heere tis moſt reuerend Doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylocke*, ther's thrice thy money offred thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen,
Shall I lay periury vpon my ſoule?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Iew* may claime
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neereſt the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge,
You know the Law, your expoſition
Hath bene moſt ſound: I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well deſeruing Pillar,
Proceed to iudgement: by my ſoule I ſweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I ſtay heere on my bond.
Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To giue the iudgement.
Por. Why then thus it is,
You muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Shy. O noble iudge, O excellent young man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the Law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Shy. Tis very true: O wiſe and vpright iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes.
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſome.
Shy. I, his breaſt,
So ſayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neereſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo, are there ballance here to weigh the fleſh?
Shy. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by ſome Surgeon *Shylocke* on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leaſt he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt, but what of that?
Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.
Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd,
Giue me your hand *Baſſanio*, far you well,
Greeue not that *I* am falne to this for you:
For heerein Fortune ſhewes her ſelfe more kinde
Then is her cuſtome: it is ſtill her vſe
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinckled brow,
An age of pouerty: from which lingring pennance
Of ſuch miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonios* ende,
Say how *I* lou'd you, ſpeake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a loue:
Repent but you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the *Iew* do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it preſently with all my heart.
Baſſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deare to me as life it ſelfe,
But life it ſelfe, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd aboue thy life.
I would lose all, I sacrifize them all
Heere to this diuell, to deliuer you.
Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I haue a wife, who I protest I loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
Entreate some power to change this currish *Iew*,
Ner. Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wish would make else an vnquiet house.
Iew. These be the christian husbands, I haue a daughter,
Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*
Had bene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.
Iew. Most rightfull Iudge.
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.
Iew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth giue thee here no iote of blood,
The words expresly are a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the lawes of Venice, confiscate
Vnto the State of Venice.
Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke *Iew* O learned Iudge.
Shy. Is that the Law?
Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd
Thou shalt haue iustice, more then thou desirest.
Gra. O learned Iudge, marke *Iew*, a learned Iudge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,

And let the Christian go.
Bass. Heere is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft no hast
He shall haue nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Iew, an vpright iudge, a learned iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more,
But iust a pound of flesh: if thou cutst more
Or lesse then a iust pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heauy in the substance,
Or the diuision of the twentith part
Of one poore scruple; nay, if the scale do turne
But in the estimation of a haire,
Thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel Iew,
Now infidell I haue you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeyture.
Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me go.
Bass. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.
Por. He hath refusd it in the open Court,
And shall haue meerely iustice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?
Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeyture,
To be so taken at thy perill Iew.
Shy. Why then the deuill giue him good of it:
Ile stay no longer heere in question.
Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against any alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contriue,
Shall seize on halfe his goods; the other halfe

Comes to the priuy coſter of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainſt all other voyce.
In which predicament I ſay, thou ſtandſt:
For it appeares by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to
Thou haſt contriued gainſt the very life
Of the defendant: and thou haſt incurd
The danger formerly by me rehearſt.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maiſt haue leaue to hang thy ſelf,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou muſt be hangd at the States charge.

Duke. That thou ſhalt ſee the diffrence of our ſpirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonios*,
The other halfe comes to the generall State,
Which humbleneſſe may driue vnto a fine.

Por. I for the ſtate, not for *Anthonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtaine my houſe: you take my life
When you do take the meanes wherby I liue.

Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio*?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing elſe for Gods ſake.

An. So pleaſe my Lord the Duke, & all the Court,
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content; ſo he will let me haue
The other halfe in vſe, to render it
Vpon his death vnto the Gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He preſently become a Chriſtian:
The other, that he do record a gift
Heere in the Court, of all he dies poſſeſt

Vnto his ſonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clearke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to go from hence,
I am not well, ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſigne it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſtning ſhalt thou haue two Godfathers,
Had I bene iudge, thou ſhouldſt haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not the Font.

Exit.

Duke. Sir, I intreate you home with me dinner.

Por. I humbly deſire your Grace of pardon,
I muſt away this night toward *Padua*,
And it is meete I preſently ſet forth.

Duke. I am ſorry that your leyſure ſerues you not.
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wiſedome bene this day acquited
Of greeuous penalties, in lew whereof,
Three thouſand ducats due vnto the Iew,
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.

Ant. And ſtand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and ſeruice to you euermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well ſatisfied,
And I deliuering you, am ſatisfied,
And therein do account my ſelfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinary.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leaue.

Baſſ. Deere ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further,
Take ſome remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſſe me farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, ile weare them for your ſake,
And for your loue, ile take this ring from you.
Do not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue ſhall not deny me this.
Baſſ. This Ring good ſir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not ſhame my ſelfe to giue you this.
Por. I will haue nothing elſe but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.
Baſſ. There's more then this depends vpon the valew:
The deareſt Ring in Venice I will giue you,
And finde it out by Proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon mee?
Por. I ſee ſir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me firſt to begge, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a begger ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſſ. Good ſir, this Ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor giue, nor looſe it.
Por. That ſcuſe ſerues many men to ſaue their giftes,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deſeru'd the Ring,
She would not hold out enemy for euer,
For giuing it to me: well, peace bee with you. *Exeunt*

An. My Lord *Baſſanio*, let him haue the Ring,
Let his deſeruings and my loue withall,
Be valew'd gainſt your wiues commandement.
Baſſ. Go *Gratiano*, runne and ouertake him,
Giue him the Ring, and bring him if thou canſt
Vnto *Anthonios* houſe, away, make haſt.

Exeunt Gratiam.

Come

Come you and I will thither preſently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio*.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerriſſa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes houſe out, giue him this deede,
And let him ſigne it, wee'l away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deede will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire ſir, you are well ore-tane,
My Lord *Baſſanio* vpon more aduice,
Hath ſent you heere this Ring, and doth intreate
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be,
This Ring I do accept moſt thankefully,
And ſo I pray you tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my youth old Shylockes houſe.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeake with you.
Ile ſee if I can get my husbands Ring,
Which I did make him ſweare to keepe for euer.
Por. Thou maiſt I warrant, we ſhall haue old ſwearing
That they did giue the Rings away to men,
But weele out-face them, and out-ſweare them too;
Away, make haſt, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe?

Enter Lorenzo and Ieſſica.

Lor. The Moone ſhines bright.
In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet winde did gently kiſſe the Trees,

And

And they did make no noyſe, in ſuch a night,
Troylus me-thinks mounted the Troyan wals,
And ſigh'd his ſoule toward the Grecian Tents
Where *Creſſada* lay that night.
Ieſſica. In ſuch a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere himſelfe,
And ranne diſmayed away.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde ſea banks, and waft her Loue
To come againe to *Carthage.*
Ieſſica. In ſuch a night,
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eſon.*
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did *Ieſſica* ſteale from the wealthy Iew,
And with an vnthrift loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.
Ieſſica. In ſuch a night
Did young *Lorenzo* ſweare he loued her well,
Stealing her ſoule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did pretty *Ieſſica* (like a little ſhrew)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.
Ieſſica. I would out-night you did nobody come:
But hearke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Loren. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?
Meſſen. A friend.
Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend.
Meſſen. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My miſtris will before the breake of day

Be heere at *Belmont*, ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes where ſhe kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlockes houres.
Loren. Who comes with her?
Meſſen. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Maſter yet return'd?
Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Ieſſica*,
And ceremoniouſly let vs prepare
Some welcome for the Miſtris of the houſe.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Sola, ſola: wo ha, ho ſola, ſola.
Loren. Who calles?
Clown. Sola, did you ſee M. *Lorenzo*, M. *Lorenzo*, ſola, ſola.
Loren. Leaue hollowing man, heere.
Clown. Sola, where, where?
Loren. Heere.
Clown. Tell him there's a Poſt come from my Maſter, with his horne full of good newes, my Maſter will be heere ere morning, ſweete ſoule.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming,
And yet no matter; why ſhould we go in?
My friend *Stephano*, ſignifie I pray you
Within the houſe, your miſtris is at hand,
And bring your muſicke foorth into the ayre.
How ſweete the Moone-light ſleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſicke
Creepe in our eares ſoft ſtilneſſe, and the night
Become the tutches of ſweete harmony:
Sit *Ieſſica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with patterns of bright gold,
There's not the ſmalleſt orbe which thou beholdſt,
But in his motion like an Angell ſings,
Still quiring to the young eide Cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortall ſoules,
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſſely cloſe in it, we cannot heare it.
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with him a hymne,
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtris eare,
And draw her home with Muſicke.

Muſicke playes.

Ieſ. I am neuer merry, when *I* heare ſweete Muſick.

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentiue:
For, do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and vnhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing lowd,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they perchance but heare a Trumpet ſound,
Or any aire of muſicke touch their eares,
You ſhall perceiue them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſauage eies turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweete power of muſicke. Therefore the Poet
Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods.
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh hard and full of rage,
But muſicke for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no muſicke in himſelfe,
Nor is not moou'd with concord of ſweete ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoyles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Erebus*:
Let no ſuch man be truſted. Marke the Muſicke.

Enter Nerriſſa and Portia.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candle throwes his beames,
So ſhines a good deede in a naughty world.

Ner. When the Moone ſhone we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſſe.
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,

Vntill a King be by, and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelfe, as doth an in-land brooke
Into the maine of waters: Muſicke, harke.

Ner. It is your muſicke Madam of the houſe.

Por. Nothing is good I ſee without reſpect,
Methinkes it ſounds much ſweeter then by day.

Ner. Silence beſtowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the Larke,
When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if ſhe ſhould ſing by day
When euery Gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a Muſitian then the Wren.
How many things by ſeaſon, ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection.
Peace, how the Moone ſleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes
The Cucko, by the bad voyce.

Lor. Deere Lady, welcome home.

Por. We haue bin praying for our husband health,
Which ſpeed we hope the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Meſſenger before,
To ſignifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerriſſa*,
Giue order to my ſeruants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor you.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinkes is but the day light ſicke,
It lookes a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunne is hid,

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in abſence of the ſunne.
Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauy husband,
And neuer be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
But God ſort all: y'are welcome home my Lord.
Baſſ. I thanke you Madame, giue welcome to my friend,
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſence be much bound to him,
For as I heare, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe,
It muſt appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.
Gra. By yonder Moone I ſweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it (Loue) ſo much at hart.
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
That ſhe did giue me, whoſe poeſie was
For all the world like Cutlers poetry
Vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the poeſie or the value;
You ſwore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it till your houre of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You ſhould haue beene reſpectiue, and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clarke; no God's my Iudge,
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.
Ner. I, if a woman liue to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand *I* gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher then thy ſelfe, the Iudges Clarke,
A prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were too blame, I muſt be plaine with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wiues firſt gift,
A thing ſtucke on with oaths vpon your finger,
And ſo riueted with faith vnto your fleſh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him ſweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he ſtands;
I dare be ſworne for him he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cauſe of greefe,
And twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſweare I loſt the Ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio* gaue his ring away
Vnto the Iudge that begd it, and indeed
Deſeru'd it to: and then the boy his Clarke
That tooke ſome paines in writing, he begd mine,
And neither man nor maſter would take ought
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.
Baſſ. If I could adde a lye vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.
Por. Euen ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed,
Vntill I ſee the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I againe ſee mine.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whome I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.
Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Of halfe her worthineſſe that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honor to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring.
What man is there ſo much vnreaſonable,
If you had pleaſd to haue defended it
With any termes of zeale, wanted the modeſty
To vrge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerriſſa teaches me what to beleeue,
Ile die for't, but ſome woman had the Ring.
Baſſ. No by my honor Madam, by my ſoule
No woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducates of me,
And begd the Ring, the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go away diſpleaſd,
Euen he that did vphold the very life
Of my deere friend. What ſhould I ſay ſweet Lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him:
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
For by theſe bleſſed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue begd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthy Doctor.
Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my houſe,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did ſweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,

No, not my bodie, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lye not a night from home: watch me like Argos,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honor, which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue that Doctor for my bed-fellow.
Ner. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduiſd
How you do leaue me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well do you ſo: let not me take him then,
For if I do, Ile marre the yong Clarkes pen.
An. I am th'vnhappy ſubiect of theſe quarrels.
Por. Sir, greeue not you, you are welcome notwithſtanding.
Baſſ. Portia, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe many friends
I ſweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelfe.
Por. Marke you but that.
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelfe:
In each eye one, ſweare by your double ſelfe,
And there's an oath of credite.
Baſſ. Nay, but heare me,
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoule I ſweare,
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.
An. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husband Ring,
Had quite miſcarried. *I* dare be bound againe,
My ſoule vpon the forfet, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduiſedly.
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety; giue him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.
An. Heere Lord *Baſſanio*, ſweare to keepe this Ring.
Baſſ. By heauen it is the ſame I gaue the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him; pardon me *Baſſanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,

In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.
Gra. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
In ſummer, where the wayes are faire enough.
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deſeru'd it?
Por. Speake not ſo groſſely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a Letter, reade it at your leiſure,
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*,
There you ſhall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witneſſe I ſet foorth as ſoone as you,
And euen but now return'd; I haue not yet
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio*, you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in ſtore for you
Then you expect; vnſeale this letter ſoone,
There you ſhall finde three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſodainly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this Letter.
Ant. I am dumbe.
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me Cuckold?
Ner. I, but the Clarke that neuer meanes to do it,
Vnleſſe he liue vntill he be a man.
Baſſ. (Sweete Doctor) you ſhall be my bed-fellow,
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.
An. Sweet Lady, you haue giuen me life and liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine, that my Ships
Are ſafely come to Rode.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*,
My Clarke hath ſome good comforts too for you.
Ner. I, and ile giue them him without a fee,
There do I giue to you and *Ieſſica*
From the rich Iew, a ſpeciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſt off.
Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
Of ſtarued people.

Por.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet Ime ſure you are not ſatisfied
Of theſe euents at full. Let's go in,
And charge vs there vpon intergotories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be ſo, the firſt intergotory
That my *Nerriſſa* ſhall be ſworne on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed now, being two houres to day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it darke,
That I were couching with the Clarke.
Well, while I liue, ile feare no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Nerriſſas* Ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

C. and P. Peculiarities collated.
J. O. H.

Sig. A. 3. v°. line 1. Dreame.
D. 4. v°. line 10. amorous.
F. 2. line 1. foole.